THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume III. JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864. Number 23.

Smoky Hill and Repub'n Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

JUNCTION, DAVIS Co., KANSAS

W. K. BARTLETT. - - - S. M. STRICKLER, Proprietors.

WM. S. BLAKELY, - - - GEO. W. MARTIN, Editors and Publishers.

OFFICE IN LAND OFFICE BUILDING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, - - - - - - $2.00
Ten copies, one year, - - - - - - 15.00

*** Payment required in all cases in advance. All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time for which payment is received.

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BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly,
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fireside,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.
Brave boys are they.
Gone at their county's call,
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or nought
To shelter them from the storm,
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fare how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.
Brave boys are they, &c.

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth, to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great tear-drops started,
This was our parting trust—
"God bless you boys! we'll welcome you
When rebels are in the dust."
Brave boys are they, &c.

May the bright wings of love,
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! The dread field of battle!
Soon be strown with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.
Brave boys are they, &c.

AGES OF EMINENT MILITARY MEN.

Washington was in his forty fourth year when he assumed command of the Revolutionary armies, and in his fiftieth when he took Yorktown. General Taylor was in his sixty-second year when the Mexican war began, and in less than a year he won the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista. He, too, was badly supported. The secession war has been conducted by elderly or middle aged men. General Lee, whom the world holds to have displayed the most ability in it, is about fifty-six. General Rosecrans is forty four and General Grant forty-two. Stonewall Jackson died at thirty-seven. General Banks is forty-eight, Gen. Hooker forty-five. General Beauregard forty six, General Bragg forty-nine, General Burnside forty, General Gilmore thirty-nine, General Franklin forty-one, General Magruder fifty-three, General Meade forty-eight, General Schuyler Hamilton forty-two, Gen. Charles S. Hamilton forty, and General Foster forty.

General Lander, a man of great promise, died in his fortieth year. General Stevens at forty-five. General Sickles was in his forty-first year when he was wounded at Gettysburg, and General Reno was thirty-seven when he died so bravely at South Mountain. General Pemberton lost Vicksburg at forty-five, General W. T. Sherman forty-four.

General McClellan was in his thirty-fifth year when he assumed command at Washington in 1861. General Lyon had not completed the first month of his forty-third year when he fell at Wilson's Creek.

General McDowell was in his forty third year when he failed at Bull Run, in consequence of the coming up of Joe Johnston, who was fifty-one.

General Keyes is fifty-three, General Kelley fifty-seven, General King forty, and General Pope forty-one. General A. S. Johnson was fifty-nine when he was killed at Shiloh. General Halleck is forty-eight, General Longstreet is forty. The best of the Southern cavalry leaders was Ashby who was killed at thirty-eight. General Stuart is twenty-nine.

On our side, General Stanley is thirty. General Pleasonton is forty, and General Averill about thirty. General Phelps is fifty-one, General Polk fifty-eight, General S. Cooper sixty-eight, General J. Cooper fifty-four, and General Blunt thirty-eight.

The list might be much extended, but very few young men could be found in it—or very few old men. The best of our leaders are men who have either passed beyond middle life, or who may be said to be in the enjoyment of that stage of existence. It is so, too, with the Rebels. If the war does not afford many facts in support of the position that old generals are very useful, neither does it afford many to be quoted by those who hold that the history of heroism is the history of youth.

DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

The venerable widow of ex-President Harrison, residing at North Bend, Ohio, died on Friday, aged 88 years. We transfer to our columns the following graceful obituary from the Cincinnati Gazette:

A mother in Israel has departed—another of those pioneers are passing away—nearly all gone, and of whom it may soon be said, "They are all gathered to their fathers." Coming generations will reap the fruit of their labors; but their faces shall never be seen more.

Mrs. Harrison was the only daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the original purchaser of the Miami country. She was married to the Hon. Captain Harrison, who commanded Fort Washington, soon after the departure of General Wayne for the Atlantic States, probably in 1796. She had, therefore, been forty-five years married when her husband, then President of the United States, died, and twenty-three years since, a widow. But Mrs. Harrison's life comprehended vastly more than this. She was with her husband as he passed through all the stations of civil and military career. She married him as Captain Harrison. She saw him as General and Commander in-Chief, Member of Congress, Senator, Governor, and President. She was with him in prosperity and adversity, for they were compelled to see, in various ways, not a little adversity. In this long career, Mrs. Harrison never failed in any Christian duty.

Perhaps, her most distinct trait of character, in relation to that public life, in which her husband and family were so much called to act, was her want of any love of show or inordinate ambition. To all the allurements of public life, she was indifferent; but quietly pursued the humble, discreet, self-denying offices of a Christian woman. In fact, Mrs. Harrison was a pious, devoted, benevolent Christian; pursuing the duties of Christian life with exemplary fidelity. Her character is summed up in one paragraph from Howe's "Ohio." "She is distinguished for her benevolence and her piety; and all who know her view her with esteem and affection, and her whole course through life, in all its relations, has been characterized by those qualifications that complete the character of an accomplished matron."

When such a matron, who has seen husband, children and even grand children descend before her to the grave, shall depart full of grace, and leaving her fruits behind, who shall lament? The aged trunk has fallen, but the spirit has gone to God, who gave it. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

THE WIT OF SARCASM.

To be sarcastical is thought by some people a proof of ability. Such individuals are like a pack of Chinese crackers thrown into a crown, continually exploding in every direction, but with greater noise than injury. There is more ill breeding than wit in a sarcasm, and more ill-nature than either. True wit does not consist in abuse, but in profound wisdom, tersely expressed. Nothing, therefore, can be further from wit than sarcasm, and where they go together, one is pressed into the service, and is not a legitimate ally.

Nevertheless, we know many, mostly young persons, who set up for wits on the score of sarcasm. They are usually very conceited, or very foolish, or very unamiable individuals; and by no means the terror to others they imagine. Persons of sense are no more affected by their sarcasms than mastiffs are by the yelp of a lap dog. A real wit never condescends to reply to them. We have known many such sarcastic persons in our experience, and always found they cured themselves of this childish habit as soon as they grew up, or if they did not, they remained children in the control of their tempers to the end of their career. It is a mean sort of revenge that seeks to gall another person's feelings by sarcasm.

We frequently hear young persons at a party making sarcastic remarks on those who enter. There is here, perhaps, not so much ill will as ill breeding, not so much spleen at others as a desire to display ourselves. It is a sort of verbal harlequinism got up to raise a laugh. The would be wits in this case are like the monkey in a red coat at the menagerie, who rides the ring and plays his antics to amuse children rather than people of sense. When young gentlemen are the actors, they are generally forward conceited slips of boys cultivating moustaches, and stretching themselves up in company to appear like men. But when young ladies are the offenders, they will frequently be found not very pretty, or not very amiable looking; and though they usually attract hearers, they make few fast friends, for every one is fearful lest they should turn out shrews. We may be amused at seeing a crowd run from a chaser, but we have no fancy to be chased ourselves. One enjoys the fun of beholding others take up nettles, but he is very careful not to touch the sting. Hence the wisdom of the common saying, that sarcastic women are seldom married. Though willing enough to laugh at others, men do not care to be made butts themselves. Moreover, a long practice in this habit, gives a person insensibly a splenetic mind, so that what was taken up to give zest to conversation, is too apt to end in spoiling the temper. Tartness would seem to be infectious. People grow sour and sarcastic together.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long-to-be-remembered summer has imprinted an unusual serious look upon the rough though not unpleasant countenances of the male members of that little congregation. The rugged features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk and upon the countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evinced that he had numbered three score and ten years. Opening the sacred volume the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger almost breathless, rushed into the church exclaiming, "The enemy are marching upon our Western counties!" The man looked around upon his congregation and announced his text: "He that hath a garment let him sell it and buy a sword." After a few preliminary remarks, he added: "Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the host of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend your influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword, nor handle the musket in defence of their country, but they can use the hoe—so that when the toil-worn soldier returns from the field of battle he may not suffer for the necessaries of life." The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around, his audience was gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish, who were able to bear arms, were on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.

MOSE IN ELYSIUM.

A letter from the Army of the Potomac has the following good thing:

A few days ago two soldiers were sentenced, for some trivial offence, to ten days in the guard house, but they were taken out occasionally to do police duty about camp. Doing police duty, you must know, is not in the army what it is in the city. consists in going about under guard and cleansing up the camp. These soldiers were put to cleaning away the mud from the front of the Colonel's quarters. They were from a New York city regiment, and, to judge from their dialect, might have been named Mose and Sykesy. At any rate I shall call them so in the recital. They had worked well, and finally seated themselves on a log to await the arrival of the sergeant of the guard to relieve them. when the following conversation took place:

Mose—Saay, Sykesy, what you goen to do when yer three years is up? Goin' to be a vet? Saay?

Sykesy—Not if I know myself I aint. No! I'm goin' to be a citizen, I am. I'm goin' back to New York and am goin' to lay off and take comfort, bum around the engine house, and run wid der machine.

Mose—Well, I tell yer what I'm a goin' to do. I've jest been thinking the matter all over, and got the whole thing fixed. In the first place, I'm goin' home to New York, and as soon as I get my discharge I'm goin' to take a good bath and get this Virginia sacred soil off me. Then I'm goin' to have my head shampood, my hair cut and combed forward and 'iled, and then I'm goin' to some up-town clothing store, and buy me a suit of togs. I'm a goin' to get a gallus suit too—black breeches, red shirt, black silk choker, stove-pipe hat, with black bombazine around it, and a pair of them shiny leather butes. Then I'm goin' up to Delmonico's place and am goin' to have all he has on his dinner ticket, you bet. What? No! I guess I won't have to break my teeth off gnawing hard tack. After I have had my dinner, I will call for a bottle of wine and a cigar and all the New York papers, and then I'll just set down, perch my feet up on the table, drink my wine, smoke my cigar, read the news, and wonder why the Army of the Potomac don't move.

☞ "Putting your foot in it," it seems a term of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyer on either side put one of their legs, and there remain till one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

☞ At a fancy dress ball in Paris, France, recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, wide floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, Monsieur." "At *low tide*, then, madam." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

FORT PILLOW TAKEN—WOMEN AND CHILDREN MASSACRED.

Our worst fears are realized. What we anticipated yesterday, is true to-day. Our brave boys at Fort Pillow have been murdered by Forrest and his outlaws.

The 12th was the day of the assault. Forrest had under him some six thousand men. Soon after the attack commenced, he sent in a flag of truce, demanding its surrender. Major Booth, with only six hundred men, refused.

The fight was resumed, and continued for some time. Then came a parley and another flag of truce. The demand of surrender was again refused. Fighting was again renewed and kept up until 3 P. M., when Major Booth fell. Then came another assault, and the telegraph reports:

When Major Booth was killed, the rebels followed up their last flag of truce in swarms, overpowering their forces and compelling their surrender. Immediately upon the surrender ensued a scene which baffles description. Up to that time comparatively few of our men were killed, but insatiate as fiends, and blood-thirsty as devils incarnate, the Confederates began an indiscriminate butchery of whites and blacks, and even those of both colors who were wounded.

The black soldiers became demoralized and rushed to the rear of their white officers, and having all thrown down their arms, they were defenceless. Both white and colored were either bayonetted or sabred—even the dead bodies were horribly mutilated. Children of seven or eight years, and several negro women, were killed in cold blood.

This all occurred after the surrender. Wounded soldiers, unable to speak, threw up their arms, were shot down, and their bodies in many instances rolled remorselessly down the high bank into the river. Dead and wounded negroes were piled up in huts and burned. Several citizens who had joined our forces for protection, were killed or wounded.

When it came to collecting the survivors it was found that out of 600, all that could be found was about 200. The most of these were killed after the surrender.

Among our dead commanding officers, are Captain Bradford, of the 13th Tennessee Cavalry; Lieut. Barr, Lieut. J. C. Allerstorm, Lieut. Wilson, Lieut. Revel, and Major Booth.

The following were taken prisoners: Lieut. D. N. Logan, 13th Tennessee Cavalry; Captain John C. Young, 24th Missouri, acting as Provost Marshal; Captain J. R. Boston, 13th Tennessee Cavalry. Major Bradford was captured, but it is said to have escaped. It is feared that he has been killed.

The steamer Platte Valley came up at half past three, was hailed by the rebels under a flag of truce, and men were sent ashore to bury the dead and bring on board such wounded as had not been killed. Fifty-seven were taken on, including eight colored men. Eight died on the passage. The steamer discharged her suffering cargo at Mound City Hospital.

Of those known to be wounded in the 6th Regular Heavy Artillery are Lieut. Libberts, of company A, Capt. J. A. Porter, and Adj. Leming.

Six guns were taken by the rebels. A large lot of valuable stores were destroyed or carried away. The intention of the rebels seemed to be to evacuate Fort Pillow and go on toward Memphis.

DESERT OF SAHARA.

In the Wilderness shall Waters break out. Perhaps no more hopeless enterprise could be undertaken than to attempt to reclaim the great African desert of Sahara, where no rain ever falls, and there are but occasional oases to give relief to the weary and fainting caravans that traverse it. Modern science, however, laughs at seeming impossibilities. Skillful engineers in the French army in Algiers proposed to sink Artesian wells at different points, with the strong confidence that thus water could be reached and forced to the surface. In 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which, as vegetation thrives luxuriantly, thirty thousand palm trees and one thousand fruit trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there was a large body of water underneath. The French government by this means hopes to make the route across the desert to Timbuctoo fertile and fit for travelers, and thus to bring the whole overland travel and commerce through Algeria, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern scientific enterprise.

☞ When Cornelius Vanderbilt was a young man, his mother gave him $50 of her savings to buy a small sail-boat, and he engaged in the business of transporting market gardening from Staten Island to New York City. When the wind was not favorable he would work his way over the shoals by pushing the boat along by poles, putting his own shoulder to the pole, and was very sure to get his freight into market in season. This energy always gave him command of full freights, and he accumulated money. After a while he began to build and run steamboats; and he is now reputed to be worth more than nineteen millions of dollars, after making the Government a present, as a free gift, of a steamship that cost $800,000!

SOLDIERS AFTER THE WAR.

Macaulay, in the portion of his history relating to the state of English society at the close of the great Revolution, touches on a subject curiously parallel in our own times. Speaking of the fears that were then entertained as to the result of disbanding Cromwell's army, and throwing its unruly elements back into society, he says:

"The troops were now to be disbanded. Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world, and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men; that none was charged with any theft or robbery; that none was heard to ask alms; and that, if a baker, a mason or a wagoner attracted notice by his dilgence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers."

Precisely the same gloomy prognostications in regard to our own armies used to be rife, and are still indulged in by an occasional foreign or domestic Maworm. But they will be just as much and as happily disappointed as were the apprehensions regarding Cromwell's men; for not only are the same causes operative with us, to work the quiet absorption of the military elements into the body politic, but there are new and peculiar influences making in the same direction.

THREE NEW STATES.

Do our readers realize that the coming anniversary of our Independence is to witness the reception into the Union of three new States? It is even so. A writer in the Chicago Journal says:

On and after the 4th day of next July, three new Stars are to be added to the Flag of the Union—Colorado, Nebraska and Nevada having been received into the sisterhood of States. Under *l'ancient regime*, the admission of a new State was attended with great and prolonged political agonies, and a Free State could not be received unless accompanied by one which had slavery. Yet those three new-comers were not kept many hours in the House before the "enabling act," which opens the national portals to them, was passed, and a proposition to strike out the anti-slavery proviso was defeated by a vote of 87 to 18! Could there be any better evidence of the utter "demoralization" of the once potent Democratic party, than is shown by this demonstration that only eighteen members of the House of Representatives thought that the new States should not be insured against slavery? What an advance from the days of that bitter conflict which was commenced prior to the admission of Maine and Missouri, and is now being terminated on bloody battle fields!

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner, when next visited, take the tongs in hands, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a harsh word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs without uttering a word. A day or two afterwards the woman came again to her pastor with a bright and smiling face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence. It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory to the silent party.

☞ Squire C——, in his old age, took to himself a young and enterprising wife, who, immediately after being installed as mistress of the household, set herself to accomplish the Herculean task of "putting things to rights." Old C—— was absent during the scouring process, and on his return, judge of his dismay upon discovering that his lovely reformer had erased from the wall, all his "book accounts," where they had been ciphered for years past. Her pride at her achievement was, therefore, dampened by his exclamation that she had ruined him, for those were his charges against his customers. She encouraged him however, to attempt to commit them to the wall from his memory. After his long and laborious task was completed, evidently with great satisfaction to himself, she ventured timidly to ask him if he thought he had got them all down. He replied, very slowly and deliberately, "No, I don't think I have quite all; but then I think I have got them against better folks!"

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Independent gives the following interesting sketch of the present Speaker of the House of Representatives:

"Mr Colfax is about forty years of age, and was born in the city of New York. His grandfather, Gen. William Colfax, of New Jersey, commanded Washington's Life Guards through the Revolutionary War, and was an intimate companion of the Father of his Country during the closing years of the war, sitting daily at his table. Miss Colfax, whose pleasant face and manners are familiar to all who have frequented the Colfax receptions this winter, frequently wears a begemmed belt buckle, worn by Washington during the Revolution, and presented by him to Mr. Colfax's grandfather. After the war was over, Gen. Colfax married Miss Hester Schuyler, cousin of Gen. Phillip Schuyler, and from this source comes the given name of Schuyler. In 1812 Gen. Colfax commanded at Sandy Hook, and had the rank of Brigadier General. Schuyler Colfax's father was teller in the Mechanic's Bank of New York at the age of thirty, and about that time married the present Mrs. Mathews, who was but fifteen years old. Four months after the death of his father, Schuyler Colfax was born, inheriting nothing from his father but his name. He obtained all his education in the common schools of New York and the high school then kept in Crosby street. At ten years he left school altogether, and at thirteen emigrated to Indiana, with his mother and her second husband, Mr. Mathews, who are now a part of Mr. Colfax's family in Washington. Mr. Colfax has lived in but two counties—the county of New York, and St. Joseph county, Indiana. At twenty-one he established the Register, at South Bend, which he still publishes. At the end of the first year he was $1,375 in debt, but in a few years it became a productive property—and then was burned out, with but little insurance. Mr. Colfax began anew, and was more successful. His political course is known to all and I need not refer to it here. When first nominated to the State Senate of Indiana, he declined, because he could not afford to leave his business. Mr. Colfax was never a plaintiff or defendant in a court of justice, never drank liquor or wine, but is an excessive smoker. He has banished liquor from the House wing of the Capitol, in spite of many protests against it. Since the war broke out he has given, though a poor man, nearly $3,000 to sick and wounded soldiers, and to encourage volunteering.

"Mr. Colfax has a slight figure, gray eyes and brown hair, and though he has been in Congress many years, he still looks young. His district has already intimated to him that they will not permit him to retire at the close of the present Congress."

CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.

In "Cudjo's Cave," a war novel by J. T. Trowbridge, well known as a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, we find the following paragraph:

"How many a beloved 'good for-nothing' has gone from our streets and firesides, to reappear in a vision of glory! The schoolfellows not their comrades; the mother knows not her own son. The stripling, whose outgoing and incoming were so familiar to us—impulsive, fun loving, a little vain, a little selfish, apt to be cross when supper was not ready, apt to come late and make you cross when supper was ready and waiting—who ever guessed what nobleness was in him? His country called, and he rose up a patriot. The fatigues of marches, the hardships of camp and bivouac, the hard fare, the injustice that must be submitted to, all the terrible trials of the body's strength and the soul's patient endurance—these he bore with the superb buoyancy of spirit that denotes the hero. Who was it that caught up the colors and rushed forward with them into the thick of the battle, after the fifth man who had attempted it had been shot down? Not the village loafer, who used to go about the streets dressed so shabbily? Yes, the same. He fell, covered with wounds and glory. The rusty and seemingly useless instrument we saw hang so long idle on the walls of society, none dreamed to be a trumpet of sonorous note until the soul came and blew a blast. And what has become of that white-gloved, perfumed, handsome cousin of yours, devoted to his pleasures, weary even of those—to whom life, with all its luxuries, had become a bore? He fell on the trenches at Wagner.

"He had distinguished himself by his daring, his hardihood, his fiery love of liberty. When the nation's alarm beat, his manhood stood erect; he shook himself; all his past frivolities were no more than dust to the mane of this young lion. The war has developed the latent heroism in our young men, and taught us what is humanity in our fellow is in ourselves. Because it has called into action all this generosity and courage, if for no other cause, let us forgive its cruelty, though the chair of the beloved one be vacant, the bed unslept in, and the hand cold that penned the letters in that sacred drawer, which cannot even now be opened without grief."

☞ An avaricious man "out West," is said to make a practice of always riding in the last seat of a railway train, to save the interest on his fare until the conductor gets round to him.